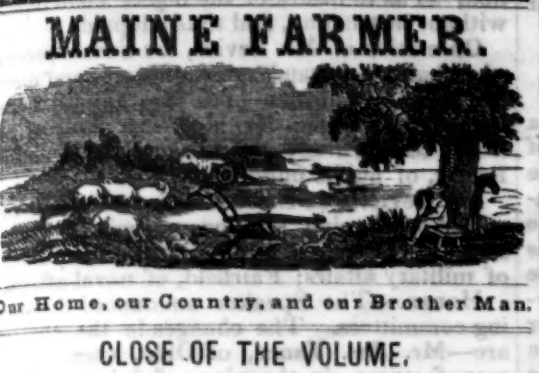


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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

This number closes volume 14th of the Maine Farmer. The past year has been one of prosperity to the farmer, and an eventful era in the history of Agriculture as well as that of our country. Seldom have we had a season in which so many of the products of the earth have come forth and matured so abundantly as this; while the changes that have been made in the conventional laws of trade, by the opening of the British ports to American produce, and the change in the tariff act by our own Congress, have caused great activity in the sales of some species of produce, and depreciation in others. The immense importation of breadstuffs to England, from our own inexhaustible supply, has produced a rise in the price of those articles at home. The reduction of the tariff on manufactured articles has caused a reduction of price on our cloths, and the wool-growing business among our farmers is almost entirely checked. Another event, pregnant with important consequences for good or for evil, is the war with Mexico, which, after more than thirty years of prosperous peace, our government has waged and is now carrying on with expensive vigor and costly determination. These things will mark the year 1846 as one of no uncommon importance. As it regards the individual prosperity of the Maine Farmer, we feel great pleasure in saying that it has been greater than in any previous year. Aided by a generous patronage, we say generous, as compared with the first year of its existence, when it struggled with almost hopeless exertion, we have been enabled to make such improvements as we deemed the wants and desires of our readers demanded.

We shall continue these improvements. The next volume will be somewhat enlarged. New type will be used—new embellishments, and cuts and engravings are procured, and will serve to make our next volume still more interesting, useful and acceptable to our readers, and to the community.

In this world of changes and variation in circumstances, we always part at the end of the year with many valued friends, and meet with as many more who prove as valuable. Some of our former patrons are dead—some have gone to other lands—some have changed their business—some have become poor and cannot help us—some have become rich and retired from active life. To those who leave us, from whatever cause, we tender them our thanks for their company thus far, and our best wishes for their future happiness, whether in this world or the next. To those who also come forward to continue, or add their help, we extend the hand of love and friendship, and with hearty congratulations express our hope that we may be reciprocally useful to each other, and go on rejoicing in the thought, that, while we strive together in the peaceful contest of proving who "can best work and best agree," we are building up in strength and greatness our beloved country, and laying a sure foundation for the happiness and prosperity of millions yet unborn. Small though we may be—feeble as in comparison with others we are—circumscribed as may be our sphere of action, yet are our combined labors fruitful of great and momentous consequences. We are but parts of the machinery of social life—links in the chain of the social bond, and have our part to act. If it be well done, good flows therefrom. If it be ill done, evil will be surely result. Let us, therefore, learn our duty carefully and do it manfully.

Though we feel gratified in numbering so many on our subscription list, yet we have ample room for more. We suppose that not more than one in fifty of the Farmers and Mechanics of Maine take our paper. Is there not room, therefore, for great additions to our list of patrons? And is there not an excellent chance for forty-nine more to come forward and help the fiftieth in a good work?

We need not say how much our hands and the hands of all who are engaged in disseminating useful practical knowledge, would be strengthened by such an accession of numbers. The great work would prosper with accelerated velocity, and our State rise with unexampled rapidity to that zenith of greatness which she is sooner or later destined to reach. Take hold then, brothers, with strong hands and faithful hearts, and help in the good work of enlightening, improving and elevating one and all in Maine, to the highest point of industrial power and moral grandeur.

TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.

Every one likes to have a few of these beautiful trees around his buildings. Aside from their beauty, a belt of them would be a protection from the north winds in the winter, and afford a grateful shade in summer. They have generally been considered as rather difficult to be removed successfully. It is true that they are different in their texture and habits from what are called deciduous trees. Their roots are more brittle, and they do not become accommodated to change of situation, in regard to difference of soil and exposure, as well as the other kind of trees.

We were once very successful in transplanting a few of this kind of trees by doing it when the ground was frozen, thereby securing a generous clump of earth around the roots. We find in the last number of the Horticulturist, that J. J. Thomas, a very skillful nurseryman and cultivator, of Macedon, N. Y., recommends a similar mode. We extract the following from his remarks.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1846.

NO. 52.

"A leading requisite, to which the attention should be directed, is that the tree, after removal, be similarly situated as regards the roots and the supply from them, as before.

"The roots of evergreens are frequently more fragile than those of other trees, hence it is very hard to get them entire if separated from the soil which enveloped them. And hence it becomes quite important to remove the soil with them. We have set out large numbers of white pines, American Arbor Vitae, (these are the cedars of Maine,) and other evergreens from the woods from five to twenty feet in height, and scarcely ever lost one of them. We have on the other hand, seen hundreds of much less size, set out by others, and in some instances not one in fifty survived removal. In the first instance large circular cakes of earth adhered to the roots, in the other they were taken bare from the soil. In some successful instances alluded to, two or three hundred pounds of earth remained on the roots of single trees; but for trees five or six feet high, ten or fifteen pounds are enough. Where they are to be carried on a wagon to a distance, the earth will be found to adhere better, without being jolted off, if the trees are selected from mucky places, or from borders of swamps, and these do well removed to uplands. [Wetting the earth with water, as a furnace man does his sand for moulding, will make it more adhesive.] But this is not very essential provided they are carefully taken up, and the earth properly secured by wrapping or packing.

"In no case whatever did we ever know an evergreen tree to be lost by transplanting, where a full-sized cake of earth was removed in contact with the roots.

"As a general guide to the weight or size of this circle, it should be heavy enough to prevent the tree from blowing down, after it is set out, without staking."

Mr. Thomas also gives some good rules in regard to the operation of setting out the trees when obtained. After observing that the roots of evergreens are commonly confined to the surface, he says, "in setting them out, it is best to retain that shallowness provided other requisites are secured. That is, if set shallow, a full supply of moisture (where little or no earth adheres to the trees) should be maintained by a thorough admixture of muck with the soil on which they stand; a covering of leaves to retain the moisture in irrigation of the natural coating in the woods must not be omitted. Watering, if necessary, must be freely and repeatedly given."

He also observes that "if the requisites just mentioned for maintaining moisture cannot be fully attained, it is better to set the tree deeper with matted roots, and the soil to be well and closely settled among the roots by throwing in water."

PROSPECTS OF THE WOOL-GROWERS.

The manufacturing class in this country are skillful managers, but none more so than the owners of the woolen mills. It was for some time a standing riddle with the owners of flocks in this country, how it could possibly happen that under a tariff framed by such zealous friends of American industry as the mill owners and their agents, there was no market for American wool. At last the keepers of the sheep in our pastoral districts began to discover that vast quantities of wool were introduced from South America, in a great part of a very fine quality, costing very little at the place from which it was imported, clogged with dirt, and paying only a nominal duty at our custom houses. The cheap wool took the place of the fleeces sheared from our own flocks, and supplied the greater part of our mills with the raw material for their fabrics.

But we believe that while the truth in relation to this matter has never been told, it has never been generally known that these excellent friends of the wool-growers, the Boston manufacturers, themselves maintain large flocks of sheep in Brazil. Here, in a mild climate, which never knows the frosts of winter, and amid a pasturage that never fails, they are reared and fed with scarce any expense except the wages of the shepherds and their dogs. We have heard the name of a man in Boston, a great name among mill owners—who is also the Damocles of the Brazils, and owns a flock of thirty thousand sheep pastured among the mountains. The wool from that region is brought to this country in large cargoes, invoiced as wool of the lowest price, and has hitherto paid the slight duty of five per cent, ad valorem.

About a year ago samples of South American wool were brought to this city from the mills of the interior, which were supplied with them as their principal material. They were examined at the custom house and elsewhere, and compared with the finer sorts of American wool, and although mingled with impurities, it was decided that they were even of a finer quality. Yet this wool was imported as costing less than seven cents a pound, and paid a duty of five per cent only on its cost in S. America.

The opinion seems generally to prevail that under the new tariff, which imposes a duty of 30 per cent upon all imported wool, the rearing of sheep in this country will prove a profitable business. For our own part we do not feel very certain of this, while the eastern mill owners enter into competition with our farmers, and become owners of large flocks in S. America.

In Brazil, and other thickly peopled regions of that part of the continent, the rent of land is very little, the rudest shelter will serve the flock, and no provision of food is necessary for the winter, beyond the herbage in the ground. The Yankee proprietor of flocks in Brazil will take care, of course, that the quality of the wool shall be improved by every method of cross breeding which will answer the purpose, and enter it at our custom houses, estimated in the invoice at the real cost of producing it and transshipping it to the coast, which can be very little. A duty of 30 per cent on its value might give the revenue one or two cents on every pound of wool imported—a deduction from the profits of the Brazilian wool-grower much less, we should

think, than the cost of feeding and tending sheep through our severe winter. [N. Y. Post.

NOTE. We obtained some of this S. American wool last year, to show to our wool-growers in Maine. It is finer than any that our wool-growers can produce. It was impossible for it under the tariff of 1842. It is equally impossible for them to compete with it under the tariff of '46. A few figures will prove this. Suppose this wool be entered at the custom office at 7 cents value, and there is a duty on it of 30 per cent. The duty will amount to 2 cents and one mill per pound, so that the cost of the wool to the manufacturer will amount to 9 cents and one mill per pound. It is true it is dirty, but the loss in cleansing will not bring the actual cost of it to the manufacturer up to more than half of what the same quality of wool would, grown with us. The truth is, the manufacturer has always got the better of the farmer in every tariff. Ed. Me. Far.

HINTS OF POTATO CULTURE. Mr. Holmes—I think I can say one thing on the subject of potato raising that might be to the advantage of your readers at this time, as we have and are about experiencing Meton's cycles, or a series of warm seasons until after 1850. Long continued warm weather causes potatoes to run to vines, hence large vines and small potatoes. It seems that no degree of warmth will cause the variety called Philadelphia to make large vines, while other sorts run largely to vines. Experience teaches that this sort have yielded the most to the acre when they were planted as thick as they would grow. In consequence of their small tops or vines, they ought to be planted much thicker than many other sorts; and they most certainly have sold for the greatest price during the past season, and probably will continue to do so. December, 1846. WINTHROP.

THAT RAM. A farmer in Maine recently disposed of a two year old ram to a drover for eight dollars! The beast was a noble one—large, possessing good "points," and what is of far more consequence, of a good breed. W.

A SUGGESTION. Farmers who use large kettles for cooking food for hogs and other animals, also manufacturers who use them for dyeing and cleansing their stuffs, or for the manufacture of Sugar, Oil, Soap, or any other purpose requiring a large consumption of fuel to keep them boiling, would do well to test the principle of draft and ventilation, in setting their apparatus, as applied by Mr. McGregor, to his Ventilating Stove, and by Mr. Mott, to his Ventilator, for School Houses and other buildings. This may be done as follows:

To set a three barrel kettle for burning wood, leave an opening in the mason work to receive the same, of at least 10 by 12 inches, and place an iron door that will shut tight, or nearly so, with a small damper in it near the bottom of the furnace. Let the escape flue be opposite, and open on a level with the hearth or bottom of the door, with only about two by eight inches in the opening. Put a damper or tight door in the back side of the pipe or chimney just above the escape flue from the arch, twice as large as the flue, which, when the fire is well lighted, may be opened sufficiently to check the draft through the fire and yet carry off the gas and smoke. When the wood is completely charred, the damper in the door may be quite closed and the draft of fresh air up the chimney through the back opening will keep the fire alive and the kettle boiling for hours in succession.

When coal is to be used, the only difference in the arrangement necessary, will be in the grate and door. The escape or smoke flue should be brought as low as possible and the chimney or pipe much larger than the flue. [N. Y. Farmer.

USE OF LIME.

MR. EDITOR.—Believing that the following may be of service to Farmers, I feel it my duty to let them know it. The question is frequently asked me, why it is that the worm never injures my cotton, whilst that of my neighbors is ruined? And why it is that I raise more wheat to the acre, and that no disease or insect ever affects it? I can only say that it is from the free use of Lime. For several years past, I have used Lime as a manure on my wheat and cotton—on my wheat by sowing it broad cast, and on my cotton by putting it in the drill. I used from two to three barrels of Lime to the acre. I find that the abundance it produced by the use of Lime, over and above what it otherwise would produce, more than paid me for the money advanced for the Lime the first year, not saying anything about the advantage to be derived from the same time for years afterwards, as a manure, as it becomes impregnated in the land, and takes years for it to become wasted; and also the fact of its being a preventive of insects and diseases of all kinds. Why it is that it prevents the worm and insects, is for others to answer, who know the properties of lime better than I do. This year my neighbor L—'s cotton field adjoining mine, nothing but a fence between; his crop was partially destroyed with the worm, whilst mine was not injured. The worm attacked my cotton at the same time, but soon disappeared without doing any injury. This has been the case for several years, ever since I have used lime, whilst my neighbor L— used none. I have had the same demonstrations in my wheat, which has forced me to believe that it was from the use of lime. There is no doubt but that the lime goes farther, and answers the same purpose, by using it with muck, peat, or compost, but I have been so well paid for, by using the raw lime that I have never tried it any other way. My lime has cost me one dollar and fifty cents per barrel. I believe that it could and ought to be furnished for less, but Farmers can well afford to pay one dollar and fifty cents for lime as a manure, at least this is my experience. Yours respectfully, DAVID L. P. McLAKE.

[Georgia Journal.

KENNEBEC AG. SOCIETY, 1846. REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

On Working Oxen.
The committee on working oxen submit the following report:

A large number of oxen was entered, many of which did not appear to exhibit their pretensions, though enough were put on trial to create a spirited competition, and the merits and claims of the competing animals were such as to make the committee feel most sensibly that a sound discriminating judgment, exercised in a spirit of candor and disinterestedness, was necessary to a right conclusion on their respective excellencies. Rarely is a yoke of oxen exhibited at a drawing match, that does not possess some desirable properties—some claims to especial notice. But while one pair excels in some points, another equally excels in some others quite as valuable. An important constituent in a working ox is strength. But strength without an ability to use it, falls to a level with weakness; therefore, size and native strength are no guaranty of effective power. But with man, "science is strength;" so brute force, scientifically directed by man, becomes available productive power. Hence the importance of discipline and good training in working oxen. Therefore, guided by these principles, when in an examination of many pairs of oxen, all of high pretensions, we find a pair possessing at least an average share of the natural constituents of a first rate ox, and which, by superior training, are made comparatively more efficient and able to perform, readily and with ease, what others of equal size and weight can only accomplish by awkward and laborious efforts, we consider them clearly entitled to the first place, and render judgment accordingly.

With these views we have awarded the premiums as follows: 1st premium to G. W. Haines of Readfield; 2d do. to Charles McFadden of Vassalboro'; 3d do. Ethel Cummings of Augusta; 4th do. to Bradford Sawtelle of Sidney.

Eor the satisfaction of those interested we remark, that the very best drawing at the match was performed by a Bull, owned by Amos Rollins of Belgrade. His performances were wonderful, throwing quite into the shade all the exploits of every thing in the shape of oxen. But though evidently a most admirable and efficient worker, he could not, by any fair construction or plausible implication, be taken and considered as a working ox, much less a pair of oxen, and consequently was not within our jurisdiction, so that whatever might be his merits we could do nothing for him, but were compelled, by the circumstances of the case, to "leave him alone in his glory."

I. C. GIFFORD, } Committee.
J. S. STEVENS, }
F. FAUGHT, }

On Fat Cattle and Sheep.

Your committee regret that so few entries were made for the Society's premium on Fat Cattle and Sheep. The severe drought with which we have been visited is the reason made by many farmers for the delinquency on their part.

Two pairs of cattle were offered for our examination. We award the first premium to Benj. Bailey, of Sidney, and the second premium to Bradford Sawtelle, of Sidney.

No sheep were offered for our examination, and no premium is, of course, awarded.

SUBERAL BAKER, Per Order.

SELECTING FINE FRUIT.

There are several qualities to be taken into consideration, in deciding what fruits are most worthy of cultivation in the orchard and garden. Excellence of flavor is of course the first and all-important requisite, while productiveness, uniformity in quality, a fair surface, free and vigorous growth, and even large size and handsome appearance, are all to be taken into account. A very few fruits have all these together; in such cases the task of selection is not difficult. But such instances being extremely rare, it becomes necessary to choose by balancing advantages and defects.

No fruit of inferior flavor is ever to be regarded as first rate. A very prevalent disposition is to judge mainly by external appearance. Hence the Twenty Ounce apple, the Alexander, Maiden's Blush, and Red Astrachan, stand quite as high in reputation as other varieties of decidedly finer quality. Yet they are not all to be summarily rejected. The Red Astrachan is a free growing tree, a good bearer, quite early, of large size, and great beauty of appearance, qualities which, in some degree, at least, counterbalance its somewhat coarse texture and austere flavor. The Alexander is also of free growth, and though of only second rate richness in flavor, is always fair, and a fine bearer. The Maiden's Blush is a most abundant bearer, and the fruit uniformly fair and handsome, and of delicate texture, but it is sadly deficient in richness of flavor—so much so, that even swine, who soon become good judges, seem to hold it in decided contempt, while they can get other good varieties by its side. The Twenty Ounce apple has been highly praised at Boston; but independent of large and fine appearance, and great productiveness, it appears to possess but little merit. Even for cooking, it is inferior, unless an artificial flavor is given to it by sugar and spices. The disposition to admire and extol large and handsome fruit is exhibited among other kinds. If the Bolmar plum were no larger than a Green Gage, it would be but little known; the large Red Cheek Melacoton and Lemon Cling, have depended for much of their celebrity on their celebrity on their size; and even Crawford's Early would be a little curtailed in its reputation for quality, if it were no larger than an Early Ann.

On the other hand, the Seckel pear, the richest of all pears, is of dull appearance, small size, and slow growth—the latter quality however, securing it from the fire-blight. Buffington's Early has scarcely an equal among early apples, in flavor and texture; but it never bears good crops. The Sine Qua Non apple, and the Early Tilton peach are excellent bearers, and of the best flavor, but the young trees in the nursery are

of slow and scrubby growth. Hence, notwithstanding their great value, they will always be unpopular among nurserymen, though they grow freely when they become larger. Nor are nurserymen wholly to blame for this. For as buyers of fruit usually prefer specimens of showy appearance; so buyers of trees commonly show more respect to those of large and handsome growth merely.

The number of varieties of fair or handsome appearance, free growth, and of first rate quality, is very small. It includes the Yellow Harvest, Late Strawberry, and Gravenstein apples; the Madeleine, Bloodgood, Virgalieu, and perhaps the Bartlett pear; Huling's superb plum; and a part of the early, and most of the medium and late peaches, best known for their excellent qualities.

It is a little singular that some varieties of slow growth in the nursery rows, afterwards become large trees in the orchard, as the Esopus Spitzenburgh and Fall Pippin. On the other hand, some of the most handsome, straight, and rapidly growing sorts while young, always remain rather small trees, as the Late Strawberry, and Tullman Sweeting.

The object, principally, of these remarks, is to direct more attention to securing fine flavor and quality, in making selections; and to discourage the common error, of looking too much at large size and showy appearance. Until this object is attained, fruit culture must always be at a low ebb; we shall never see fine fruit gardens so long as a Pound-Sweeting or a Twenty-Ounce is preferred to a Swan or a Rambo; or a pumpkin or a mammoth squash to a Green Gage, or a Seckel. [Albany Cultivator.

*It is not intended here to say that rapid growth alone is always liable to the attacks of this malady. Some varieties ripen their wood early, which being also of compact texture, they nearly always escape. Others, though perhaps less thrifty, have spongy or succulent wood, ripening badly; and they frequently suffer.

Early Tilton trees of several years growth, standing side by side with other peach trees noted as thrifty when young, and all treated precisely alike, are as tall as any of the others.

THEORY OF MANURE.

MR. EDITOR.—"When Doctors disagree, Disciples then are free."

I was exceedingly pleased with an article in your paper for July last, "prepared manures, &c." The theory of that article, (see, 2.) is interesting; that plants thrive best on the decaying matter of their own species. On turning to a discourse delivered before the Historical Society of Ohio, by Gen. Harrison, the farmer of Ohio, of log cabin memory, I find that he asserts the contrary.

"The preference of the soil for the first growth, ceases with its maturity. It admits of no succession, upon the principles of legitimacy. The long undisputed masters of the forest may be thinned by the lightning, the tempest, or by disease peculiar to themselves; and whenever this is the case, one of the off-rejected of another family, will find between its decaying roots, shelter and appropriate food; and springing into vigorous growth, will soon push its green foliage to the skies, through the decayed and withering limbs of its blasted and dying adversary, the soil itself, yielding it a more liberal support than to any scion from the former occupant."

The General seems to have nature, (in his reference to the forest trees.) Analogy, (though animals may devour and live upon animals, yet it is not their own species,) and facts on his side, for the farmer knows that although corn-stalks may be left on the corn-field, and potato haulm on the potato-field, yet the fields will not yield their increase without a rotation of crops, or an addition of some foreign matter in the shape of manure.

Mr. Pell has told us that there are eleven substances necessary to the formation of plants, but he has not told us the proportion which is necessary of each.

If you will give us your opinion upon this subject, or throw out any other hints on manures, you will oblige those who live in the

BEECH FLATS.

It is very well known that a young orchard will not, usually, flourish on the site of an old one; for the older trees are supposed to have withdrawn from the soil certain elements necessary to their growth; and as necessary to the growth of the young tree, should it be planted there. There is no "like" or "dislike" of the soil to the tree; it is a plain case of starvation. The tree needs, and the soil cannot supply, certain elements of its food.

But if, after a plant has abstracted from the soil certain ingredients, the whole plant is decomposed and returned to the earth, the soil repossesses itself of the lost elements, and is ready to yield them up again to a plant of the same kind. If the straw of wheat be burned upon the field, annually, the soil would yield fine crops for a thousand successive years, in so far as the straw is concerned. But if grain is removed, and nothing resupplies the drain of phosphates which it makes from the soil, the soil will in due time, according to the original quantities in the soil, cease to yield grain, although the straw may be admirable. But if both straw and kernel were every year burned upon the field, as grass and its seed is upon the prairie, wheat would grow for a thousand years in succession. The same is true of corn, of potatoes, and of any annual crop. When the annual growth is restored to the soil, it is repossessed of all its treasure which had been loaned for a season. If a part of the crop is removed, the soil is poorer by just so much as the portion removed contained within it of the elements necessary to that crop, and it must be restored artificially, i. e. by manuring; or by allowing the earth to prepare (by disintegration or decomposition of its minerals) a new supply; i. e. by following. A forest will grow for ages on the same spot, for it returns annually its leaves, and gradually by force of accidents and the elements, its twigs, branches, trunks, &c., to the soil again. But let the whole product be gradually removed and the soil would soon be unable to supply the trees their nourishment, except in cases where the soil was very rich in the materials of growth.

The forests of Germany, like our mines, are under the management of the Government. It was customary, for a time, to allow the peasants the use of the twigs and smaller branches; but analysis has shown that in these, especially, resides the large proportion of potash entering into the composition of trees; the annual removal of it debilitated the trees to an extent that obliged the Conservators to change their mode of proceeding.

On the other hand, in one of Mr. Horsford's letters from Germany, in the Cultivator, we have the question of growing plants upon their own ashes, brought, by the ablest chemist of the age, directly to the test of experiment.

"In the spring preceding my arrival in Giesen, Professor Leibig planted some grape vines under the windows of the laboratory. He fed them, if I may use such an expression, upon the ashes of the grape vine,—or upon the proper inorganic food of the grape, as shown by analyses of its ashes. The growth has been enormous, and several of the vines bore large clusters of grapes in the course of the season. Indeed, I know not but all, as my attention was drawn to them particularly only since the fruit has been gathered. The soil otherwise is little better than a pavement—a kind of fine gravel, in which scarcely anything takes root.

I was shown pots of wheat, in different stages of their growth, that had been fed variously,—some upon the inorganic matters they needed, according to the analyses of their ashes—others had merely shared the tribute of the general soil. The results in numbers I don't yet know. In appearance, no one could be at a loss to judge of what might be expected."

The fact that depopulated forest-grounds change the character of their growth, is quite familiar to all; and the reasons of it have been variously debated. We shall give, in our next, the views of Prof. (now Baron) Leibig, as the most satisfactory of any which have met our eye. [Western Farmer and Gardener.

POTATO PLANTING.

Gentlemen:—Having had some experience in the culture of the potato, I beg leave to call your attention to one point, a fact not well understood, I believe; or at least if so, not generally practiced; that is, that planting the large or prominent eyes only, you will get a better yield and less small ones. I have tried the experiment several times and always get the same result. I consider five single eyes (as they are called) the proper seed for a hill, and would put the rows three and a half feet apart one way and two and a half the other. When whole or cut potatoes are planted, the large or prominent ones take the lead and will produce good sized tubers if no other put out; but if the season is favorable, (say warm and not too wet,) the small eyes will throw out stalks which much retard the growth of the others, and only produce small ones, if any at all. If the latter part of the season should prove unfavorable, (too dry,) the product of the small stalk would not be worth gathering.

I prefer potatoes being cut for seed to planting whole ones; a middling sized one cut in three pieces being much better than to plant it whole as it spreads the stalks in the hill, and many kinds of potatoes containing a large number of eyes should be cut into several pieces, in order to have as equal a number of stalks in a hill as possible. I know this is contrary to the theory and practice of many farmers; but why not as well plant a dozen kinds of corn or a whole ear in a hill, as to plant a potato that will produce 20 or 30 stalks? In one case I am answered that you would get no corn; in the other, I answer, you get very few potatoes of any size compared to what you would if properly divided, besides wasting three times the amount of seed necessary, if, as I said before, it was properly divided.

For my planting, I take the eyes singly from the potatoes with a pointed knife, for the purpose; and consider that I am doubly and thrice paid for the labor, first in the saving of the bulk of my potatoes required for seed, of which not more than one third the quantity is required as when planted whole, and about half as many as when cut; and again in harvest, by getting more bushels per acre, and those of a good, even size generally.

P. S.—The story going the rounds of the papers that rotten potatoes will seed the ground they are left in is in all nonsense, in my mind. That potatoes will often endure the frost and grow in the spring, is not altogether impossible, as I have seen them growing in old potato fields the third season; still I have some doubts about their having been much frozen. And the tale of the potatoes becoming extinct, or having again to be re-produced from its original stock; or that its allotted age is now about to expire, is about as likely to be true as that Herschel, Jr., saw distinctly the hieroglyphic characters upon the obelisks in the moon.

Another wonder just discovered by many a wisecracker, is that the potato may be raised from the seed contained in the hull, a fact known and practiced by many an old farmer, when I was a small boy, for the avowed purpose of getting new varieties which you will be sure to do. Take your seed from whatever stalk you may, there is no more certainty of getting the same kind than there is from planting the seeds of an apple or pear.

I have seen potatoes grown the first season from the seed of the potato ball larger than hens' eggs, and in one instance to a full middling size, but the seeds were started in a hot bed in the spring. A VERMONT FARMER.

[N. Y. Farmer.]

IMPROVEMENT OF GRASS LANDS. Mr. S. Cune, of Brattleborough, Vt., inquires how Mr. Stanley of Attleborough improves his grass lands. He has various modes of improving according to his means and the condition of the land, and the nature of the soil. In some cases he improves his light lands by raising a crop of corn, in his economical way, with manure. In some cases he sows to grass immediately, and in others a crop of small grain intervenes.

He improves some new land with very small means. The old wood was removed, and the bushes cut up, and then he sowed grass seed and harrowed, this gave nature a chance to operate and bring about a gradual improvement. After a while such land has undergone thorough improvement, by applying gravel or sand, if the land be wet, and applying manure, ploughing or not as may be deemed necessary for improvement, or as may be admissible as to stones, &c.

We make these few general remarks, and would request Mr. S. to give his mode of improvement. We suppose the inquirer has particular reference to the account we published, where one third of an acre produced more value in hay, than was paid some years before as rent for several acres of land. [Boston Cultivator.

A little girl, hearing it remarked that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired "who took care of the babies?"

The Muse.

WHAT SHALL BE THE END OF THESE THINGS?

When another life is added
To the living burdened mass;
When another breath of being
Stains creation's tarnished glass;
When the first cry, weak and piteous
Heralds long-enduring pain,
And a soul from non-existence
Springs, that we may die again;
When the mother's passionate welcome
Sorrowfully bursts forth in tears,
And the sire's self-gratulation
Prophecies of future years—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When across the infant features
Trembles the faint dawn of mind;
When the heart looks from the windows
Of the eyes that were so blind;
When the incoherent murmurs
Syllable each swaddled thought
To the fond ear of affection,
With a boundless promise fraught,
Kindling great hopes for to-morrow
From that dull universal way,
As by glimmering of the twilight
Is foretold the perfect day—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the boy upon the threshold
Of his all-comprising life;
Paris sends the arm maternal
That enfolds him as he roams;
When the canvas of his vessel
Flutters to the favoring gales,
Years of solitary exile
Hid behind his sunny sails;
When his pulses beat with ardor,
And his sinews stretch for toil,
And a hundred loud empires
Lure him to that eastern soil—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the youth beside the maiden
Looks into her credulous eyes;
When the heart upon the surface
Shines too happy to be wise;
He by speeches less than gestures
Hinting what her hopes expand,
Laying out the waste hereafter
Like enchanted garden-land;
He may paint—as do many
She may suffer—as most all;
Both may yet, world-disappointed,
This lost hour of life recall—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion
Greets the expectant bride;
When the vow that lasts till dying
Vibrates on the sacred air;
When men's lavish protestations
Droops of after-change defy,
Comforting the frailty spirit
Bound his service for aye;
When beneath love's silver moonbeams
Many rocks in shadow sleep
Undiscovered, till possession
Shows the dangers of the deep—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

Whatever is beginning
That is wrought by human skill,
Every daring emanation
Of the mind's ambitious will;
Every first impulse of passion,
Gush of love or twinge of hate;
Every launch upon the waters,
Wildly hurried by our fate;
Every venture in the chances
Of life's end, of desperate game,
Whatever be our motive,
Whatever be our aim—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

The Story Teller.

From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY WM. H. McALLA.

PART I.

CHRISTMAS EVE THE FIRST.

Little happiness did Christmas Eve, 18—, bring two young hearts which beat within a room, situated in the second story of a rather dilapidated-looking dwelling in the lower portion of the goodly city of Boston.

These two unhappy beings were those of a young woman, whose form, wasted with disease, reclined upon a miserable bed, and that of a young man, a few years her senior, who, with his face buried in his hands, sat upon its edge close by her. His person was thin and attenuated, and his long black hair fell in wild confusion around a face almost ghastly in its hue of whiteness. Deep suffering and agony of mind were written in characters not to be mistaken, upon his brow, and at short intervals he gave utterance to a deep and stifled groan. The young female (his wife) had fair, light hair, and large blue eyes, which, together with the pure, ethereal look of her face and form, gave her more the appearance of a spirit from above than a dweller upon earth. They had been wedded but one year. The last Christmas Eve had ushered them in as man and wife, and came to them full of unutterable bliss. How different it came to-night!

The young man's history was one recorded within the great Book of Life almost every day. His father, Capt. Mansfield, (his mother having died in infancy,) had been engaged in the merchant service and traded to the East Indies; it was ten years since he sailed upon what he had determined should be his last trip, and as far as ever could be ascertained it was for ship, nor master were neither heard of after. Walter, for such was the young man's name, had about four years previous to the time of which we write, embarked in the business to which he had been brought up; his success was great and he prospered beyond his most sanguine hopes, and this very prosperity it was which proved to be the rock upon which the vessel of his fortune wrecked. He became careless—over-traded—ventured largely in speculations and beyond his means, and in less than six months after his marriage with the idol of his heart, he became a complete bankrupt. This almost crushed him to the earth; day and night for weeks he beheld the grim tyrant ruin staring him in the face—unable to make an effort towards averting its approach; he loved his wife fondly—almost worshipped her, and what possessed as kind and generous a heart as ever beat within the breast of man; at last the long-threatened storm burst over them in all its devastating violence—sweeping with it every thing of any consequence they possessed in the world. Left without a friend to whom he could apply for assistance—scorned by those who in the hour of prosperity lavished their favors upon him; with no hopes for his gentle wife, even from her own parents, he having wedded him contrary to the wishes of a pure-poor father; his health became sadly impaired. He succeeded in obtaining a situation as book-keeper in a mercantile house with whom

he formerly dealt, but before there many weeks ill health came upon him and he was discharged. His wife—reared in every luxury—gradually sunk beneath their accumulating misfortunes, and we now behold her upon the anniversary of her joyous wedding night—upon Christmas Eve, when she should have been with buoyant form and sparkling eyes—the guest of the gay—now stretched upon a bed of sickness, tortured with anxiety for her husband, and wanting even the necessities of life.

Suddenly Walter started—there was a wildness in his eye, and a certain air of reckless desperation in his whole countenance which alarmed his wife, who, starting up in bed, clasped her arms about his form and said—

"Dear, dear Walter, why do you wear that dreadful look? Come cheer up love, brighter days will smile upon us yet—'tis Christmas Eve—'tis the anniversary of our wedding night."

"'Tis a merry one, Lord knows!" replied Walter, with a bitter laugh, "but it shall not be; am I to sit here and watch you wasting away day by day, and for the want of that which even now chinks within the pockets of those who pass beneath our windows? No, no, I must have it."

"Listen to me, Walter," said his suffering wife in low and melancholy tones, "have I ever murmured at our hard and bitter lot? No, for it has cost me not a pang; am I not with you, and if I die, 'twill be, I am sure, within your arms; but talk not, Walter, of doing that which makes my blood curdle at the very mention; wretched and miserable as we are, yet have I ever prayed you might be delivered from that temptation! 'Tis better for us to starve, and starving die, far better, Walter, than you should stain your name with the foul crime of theft; 'tis that you meditate; but oh! drive it from your mind—'tis better far to die!"

"You shall not die," exclaimed the other, "we must have the means to live."

"Once more," she continued, "appeal to your uncle; tell him that you are starving, that your wife is ill, tell him all; he cannot resist your appeal, and upon this happy night, too."

"Dear Mary," said Walter, bending down and kissing her fair brow, "you are always right, why is it that in my gloomiest moods of desperation your words fall gently upon my heart and make me like myself again? I will go to my uncle, once more; I will upon my knees beg him for relief; he surely cannot refuse; we will yet be happy!" and, imprinting another kiss upon her cheek, he left the room.

PART II.

THE UNCLE AND HIS NEPHEW.

In a large and lofty house, though old and built in the antique fashion of by-gone days, with a hip roof and a large porch in front of the door, with every window closed, with no bright light shining through the cracks of the shutters, but every thing around and about it looking gloomy and forbidding, there dwelt Mr. Anthony Mansfield, the uncle of Walter. He was upon this happy Christmas Eve seated in a large bar looking apartment, the furniture of which, faded and musty, corresponded well with the outward appearance of the dwelling; nothing shone, or even the least approach to it; the very auditors between which the fire upon the hearth was burning, looked made of a mean description of brass; which would never look bright though rubbed till doomsday. No cheerful sound of children's voices was heard; the old man was childless and alone, he hated their happy voices and had closed the house up tight the better to shut out their glee. He was seated in a large arm-chair before the dull fire, for even in the selection of his wood he appeared to have chosen that which would only give out a penurious flame, with its red glow, showing the cold, gray, calculating eye, the deep furrows and that indelible stamp and seal which God places upon the brow of all those who make gold the idol of their worship. He and the father of Walter had always been rivals; at school, among their boyish companions, he had been hated for his meanness; his brother beloved for his generosity. As they grew apace to manhood's estate, that dislike which had been festering within his bosom like an unsightly wound, for years, grew into an absolute hatred; he held no intercourse with him, and could he have beheld his bones bleaching in the sun, it would have gladdened his vile heart. He had beheld with a malignant joy the ruin of Walter, and when he came and begged him for assistance, he had spurned him with scorn and derision from his presence. He was awakened from a pleasant reverie, in which the thoughts of a good money transaction he had made that day, by which a very worthy man and his family would be sent out upon the world to starve, were uppermost, when he was started by the sound of footsteps, and looking up he beheld the countenance of his nephew. The old man started, and a dark cloud gathered upon his brow, as he said—

"What means this intrusion? Sir, what do you here? This is no place for such seedy vagabonds!"

"Uncle," said the young man, in a voice that would have touched any heart formed of less sterner materials than the one to whom it was addressed. "Uncle, I am starving—wretched—my wife is dying for the want of the necessities of life, give me enough to purchase those, and upon my knees I will bless you," and he sank in the attitude before him.

"Get up you cringing hound," said the miser, with a bitter sneer. "Listen to me and then be gone, or I will call for help and have you thrust out neck and heels. I hated your father, and I hate you because you are his offspring; could I but injure you in any way, I'd do it with pleasure; could I but get your dainty-loving wife to accept my wealth and roll in luxury, while you toiled as a common menial, I'd spend all my fortune upon her—all and freely."

"Villain!" said Walter, stung to madness by these insulting words, "a time will come when every word you now utter shall ring like the voices of fiends within your ears, when every devilish act committed in your wicked life shall so prey upon your spirit that you will go raving mad; and mark me," he continued, seizing the old man by the arm, and almost hissing the words into his ear, "in the still watches of the night a voice shall come and hiss into your ear, 'accursed be the murderer of his brother's child,' while you, shrinking beneath the clothes to shut out the dreadful sound, make the rooming with your shrieks of terror."

Large drops of perspiration stood upon the brow of the old man, and for a long time after Walter had departed he stood trembling in every limb like one affected by the ague; going at last to a closet, he poured out a glass of liquor, and drank it off; then clenching his hands together above his head, he cried, "Curse him! curse him!"

PART III.

DESPERATION AND JOY—THE MISER'S FATE.

Walter rushed from his uncle's house like one in a state of lunacy; his ghastly features, his long black hair floating in the wind, and his disorder-

ed appearance, caused each passer-by to start back in terror as though he had been a being of another world. Blinded and bewildered by grief and desperation, he was seized with sudden faintness, and, unable to keep his feet, sunk insensible upon a stoop in front of a magnificent mansion. In this situation he was found by the policeman, carried in and cared for by the application of proper restoratives. "Money, money," the stranger, drawing from his coat pocket a heavily laden purse, looked the other intently in the face and said—

"What personal affliction, young man, could have thus prostrated you? Take this gold, and thank God you have met with one who can pity and relieve you; your looks bespeak you no common mendicant; some great affliction it must have been which could thus have shattered your reason; if you want a friend, tell me your history, and if deserving, you will find me to be a kind one."

Tears stood within the young man's eyes and his head sunk low upon his bosom as he related in brief terms his sad history, and concluded by saying—

"Had you, like me beheld your wife wasting hourly before your eyes; had you beheld grim death staring you in the face by day and night, while starvation tracked your footsteps at every turn; had you experienced all this, then could you know how deeply, how fervently I thank you for your generosity. But to whom am I indebted for this assistance? Perhaps at some future day I may yet repay you."

"To one," replied the stranger, "who employs his wealth in benefiting those who need it most; but give me your address that I may more fully relieve your necessities."

"My name is Walter Mansfield," was the reply, "I reside in—street."

"Ha!" replied the stranger, starting back, "your father was engaged in the merchant service; he sailed from this port some ten years since which time you have not heard from him."

"The late exactly," cried Walter, "what know you of him? Speak, I entreat you."

"He stands before you; I am that long lost father," and throwing himself into Walter's arms, he exclaimed, "thank God, I have found you even in this miserable condition; but come, remember your wife is waiting your return, come, and when there I will tell you all."

Walter, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, and a brain bewildered by the exciting events of the last few moments, took his father's arm and conducted him to their miserable apartment.

"Look up," exclaimed Walter, going to the bed upon which reclined his anxious wife, "look up, dearest, joy has at length broke out from the gloom of misery; look up, it is my father!"

Thank God, exclaimed the gentle being, and fell back in a deep swoon.

At the moment when that parent stood like an angel of hope and joy, shedding a halo of peace and comfort throughout that miserable room, the one in which we left his miser brother resounded with the screams of mortal agony. Either by mistake or accident, a bottle of deadly poison had been put in the closet in place of the one of wine, which usually stood there; 'twas that he drank, and now, as he preyed upon his vitals, his dreadful shrieks rose loud and long upon the night air, hushing the merry voice of infancy, and mingling like a foul sting with the gay sounds which arose from without.

PART IV.

CHRISTMAS EVE THE SECOND, AND LAST.

Upon the evening of the same day of the year following the one upon which the incidents above described occurred, when the streets once more resounded with the sounds of mirth, and every thing around looked bright and gay, there could have been seen occupying the parlor, richly and elegantly furnished, of a handsome dwelling in a fashionable portion of the city, four happy, smiling faces. The first, that of Captain Mansfield, though fine looking, in spite of a few wrinkles, was deeply bronzed by the sun. The vessel in which he had sailed had been captured by a pirate, and he, together with his crew, sold into slavery. His master, who happened to be a kind-hearted man, dying, bequeathed to him his freedom and the bulk of his immense wealth. Coming to his native city, he had immediately instituted a search for his son; he learned he was residing in the lower portion of the city, and day and night would he walk through it, in the hope of meeting him. In this he had at last succeeded, (but so changed he had not recognized him,) and in the manner above described. The other three were those of Walter, his wife, now blooming in health and more beautiful than ever, and a little infant, the very picture of its mother, forming, as they sat there together, a group which Rook or Langenheim would have gloried in daguerreotyping. While thus seated, a servant entered the apartment and informed them that a poor woman at the door begged for assistance. Taking from her purse a sum of money, Mary bade the man give it her; then looking up into her husband's face with a glance of deep affection, she said—

"Dear Walter, no one shall leave our door to-night without a gift; and should at any time our hearts grow cold towards the suffering poor, they will, I feel assured, grow quickly warm again, if we but for one moment pause and think of our own poverty upon last Christmas Eve."

LITERAL INTERPRETATION. Some years ago, a Mormon preacher was holding forth in the State of Illinois, and to sustain some of his absurd notions, contended for a literal interpretation of the Scriptures. After he had sat down, a dry old citizen congratulated the congregation on the discovery; "for," said he, "we have a bountiful land, and all we lack is water power. Now, (said he,) the brother assured us that the Scriptures are all literal, and mean what they say; and they say: 'He that believeth, out of his belly shall flow rivers of water.' So, all we have to do for a mill privilege, is to persuade our believing brother to stay with us, and to be placed on the hill yonder, for the water power, and we will do the grinding here below, on speculation!"

A SECRET. "How do you do, Mrs. Tome, have you heard that story about Mrs. Ludy?" "Why, no, really, Mrs. Gad, what is it—do tell?" "O, I promised not to tell for all the world! No, I must never tell on't. I'm afraid it will get out." "Why I'll never tell on't as long as I live, just as true as the world—what is it, come tell." "Now you won't say anything about it—never." "Have me, Mrs. Fanday told me last night, that Mrs. Trot was told by a person who dreamed it, that Mrs. Ludy's oldest daughter told Mrs. Nichols that her grandmother heard by a letter that she got from her third sister's second husband's oldest brother's step-daughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clam-boat just arrived from the Fejee Islands, that the mermaids about that section were shark-skin bustles stuffed with pickled eels' toes!"

"A Fire in the Rear"

ONE OF THE LATEST JOKES. There was fun as well as fighting down in the neighborhood of the Rio Grande last summer, says the New Orleans Picayune, and a Yankee in that section, albeit a tolerable shrewd specimen of the genus, got "a fire in the rear" which raked down and demolished the best calculations ever made for a small fortune, and at the same time raised a laugh which filled the adjoining chaparral for a mile in every direction.

Water was scarce during the heat of summer at Brazos Island, and liquor not so plentiful at times as the necessities of the sojourners required. It was at one of these thirsty seasons that our Yankee, by some hook or crook, got hold of a barrel of tolerable fair cider, and with this small stock in trade he at once "set up" business. To rake and scrape together a parcel of boards and odd bits of canvass, enough to build a small shanty, was the work of but a short hour; to set his barrel upon a couple of skids in the back part of the tent, to tap it, and to commence retailing the cider at a dime a glass, occupied but a short time more.

Customers flocked in by dozens, the cider went off at a rapid rate, and the Yankee was making his "eternal fortune" at a stride that would have elated John Jacob Astor in his early days. Some of his patrons complained that a dime a glass for cider, which was not worth more than two dollars a barrel at the outside, was an outrageous price; but the times were hard, the retailer's conscience easy—he had all the cider in the market, and could not afford to sell any cheaper.

This state of things went on for an entire day, the Yankee's quarters being beset by throngs of patrons. On the following morning, and before the cider was yet half sold, they began to thin off gradually, and by the middle of the afternoon, it was only now and then a straggling stranger that visited the shade and cider of the retailer. "What was the matter? What had caused this sudden falling off of custom? The reader will soon see.

Towards night a new face appeared in the shanty and called for a glass of cider. It was drawn, swallowed, and the customer took out his purse and required the price.

"One dime," said the Yankee.

"One what?" retorted the customer.

"One dime," replied the Yankee.

"One—?" snarled the customer, "why I can get just as good cider here at five cents a glass."

"N-o y-o-u-c-a-n-t," drawled the Yankee.

"There ain't a pint of cider 'cept what I've got in that barrel, this side of Orleans, I'm darned if there is."

"I know better," ejaculated the customer, tartly. "I bought a glass of cider not two hours ago, and only paid five cents for it."

"I'd like to know where you effected that small transaction," queried the Yankee.

"Right round here," was the answer.

"I guess it was 'right round here.' Right round where, I'd like to know?" continued the cider vender.

"Why, close by here, somewhere—just back of your place," returned the customer.

"I'll bet you to drink you didn't," spoke up the Yankee, "and we'll go round and see."

"Done!" said the customer, and off they started.

Sure enough, "right round here" they found another cider establishment in full blast. A second Yankee had rigged a small shade in the rear of the first Yankee's shanty, had tapped the other end of the latter's barrel of cider through a board, and was retailing it at five cents a glass to a perfect rush of customers!

AN INDIAN WITNESS. The Chronotype tells a good story of an Indian who was brought before a court in Bangor, to testify in a trial for murder. In the course of the examination, Attorney General Moore wished to get the exact number of houses in the neighborhood where the murder was committed. The witness did not give an answer to suit the interrogator, who continued pressing his inquiry. At length he folded his arms, and leaning over the rail, asked with a curious gaze:

"You want to know berry sartin?"

"Yes."

"Berry sartin?"

"Yes, berry sartin."

"Wa—ll, sposum you want to know berry sartin, you better go up there and see!"

The bar, officers, and spectators, were convulsed with laughter, and the court with difficulty maintained its gravity.

GOING TO LAW. Two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a small bridge over a little stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning certain repairs, which it required after a time, one of them declining to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of two or three new planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing ten dollars in his hands, said, "I will give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice me the bridge."

"How much will it cost to repair the bridge?" asked the honest counsellor of the determined litigant.

"Well, den, not more as five tollar," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of his notes and handing him the other, "take this, and go and get the bridge repaired; it's the best course you can take."

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "dat ish more better dan to quarrel mit Hans," but as he went along home, he shook his head frequently, as if unable after all quite clearly to see how he had gained anything by going to law.

GETTING 'EM MIXED. We once heard an old fellow, famous all over the country for his tough yarns, tell the following. He was telling what heavy weight he had seen in the State of New York:

My father, said he, once had a field of wheat, the heads of which were so close together that the wild turkeys, when they came to eat it, could walk round on the top of it anywhere.

We suggested that the turkeys must have been small ones.

No, sir! continued he; they were very large ones. I shot one of them one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him his legs dragged in the snow behind me!

A curious country you must have had to have snow in harvest time!

Well, I declare, said he, looking a little foolish, I have got part of two stories mixed.

When Dr. H. and Sergeant A. were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend—"Those two are just equal to one highwayman!"

"Why?" was the response. "Because," rejoined the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

Haviland & Tuttle's Water Wheel.

THE subscribers have lately received a patent for their highly approved Water Wheel, and are prepared to receive orders for the various sizes required for manufacturing purposes. This wheel is constructed for the best application of water, will run equally well under water, and from its simplicity will be found to be the most valuable wheel in use. It is not subject to the inconvenience of other wheels, with ice, but may be used at all seasons of the year. By means of an attached regulator this wheel will control the vent as to the best possible advantage, the amount of water, whether the quantity available be a spring freshet or a summer drought, and will operate precisely as well as if it was originally intended for the existing state of water while the wheel is in motion. It will be seen at once that this wheel possesses every requisite for a tide mill or any mill situated on a stream which is irregular in its head of amount of water.

This wheel is rapidly finding favor with millwrights and others acquainted with machinery, and we confidently assert that we can furnish a wheel, which if placed by the side of any other wheel will be found to be by far the most economical, valuable and durable. It may be used on a horizontal or perpendicular shaft, and when constructed of cast iron it is equal for speed and power. (Each foot of quantity of water,) is no where to be found. Individuals who are about purchasing are invited to examine this wheel, and the proprietors are so sanguine of its capability that it does not fully answer the representations we have made, refund the money and at our own expense remove the wheel.

Any information relative to this wheel can be obtained of B. C. DILLINGHAM, Patent Agent, Augusta, or of WEBBER & HAVILAND, Manufacturers, Waterville, or of EBEN R. TUTTLE, Canaan.

Doctor Marshall's Aromatic & Headache Catarrh Snuff.

THIS SNUFF is superior to anything yet known for removing that troublesome disease, the catarrh; and, as a cathartic, and the best of its kind, it opens and purges out all obstructions, strengthens the glands, and gives a healthy action to the parts affected. It is perfectly free from anything deleterious in its composition—it has a pleasant flavor, and its immediate effect, after being used, is remarkable.

Beware of Girdley's Counterfeits, and other imitations. Each bottle contains about three times the quantity of other articles selling for a similar price, and is therefore not better, but far cheaper than anything of the kind in market.

Sold in Augusta by J. E. LADD, who will at all times be prepared to sell at wholesale or retail. Country Dealers will send orders to Druggists and Apothecaries throughout the country.

The Timely Remedy!!

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

K NOW that cold winter is coming. Yes—winter, with all its dreary array of diseases—colds, coughs, asthma, whooping cough, influenza, and consumption—yes, pale consumption! with its horrid retinue of attendants—colds, rattling pains, restless days, sleepless nights, nausea, expectation, wasting flesh, and, speedily and fearfully, dissolution! all, say and on us. They stalk abroad at noonday! they encounter us in our midnight vigils. And is there no relief? No remedy for this sun of evils? Must its victims still fall helpless in the grasp of the destroyer? powerless to lift his head above the waves of death? Alas! yes, there is relief! there is a remedy for the emergency! a champion, armed for the conflict, fit to compete with so powerful a foe—before which his arrows are powerless, his grasp powerless, the blast of his breath powerless. This great, this sovereign remedy is Down's Elixir.

N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir.

We have no room for words, mere empty words of commendation; nor is it necessary. The sound of its name—Down's Elixir—do more for the afflicted than many instances even after hope itself had left the heart, is heard throughout the land. Hundreds of certificates—voluntary effusions from the grateful relieved, have been received from every part of the country; a few of which may be found published in the pamphlets, which may be obtained, gratis, of the Agents, by whom it is kept in nearly every town and village.

For sale in Augusta, by J. E. LADD, who keeps constantly on hand a supply for Wholesale and Retail. Sold also, in Hallowell by B. Wales, and H. J. Selden & Co.; in Gardiner, by Henry Smith & Co., and A. T. Perkins. November 4, 1846.

Smith's Patent Trojan Pioneer Stove.

MANUFACTURED BY LEWIS F. MEAD & CO., 1 and 2, South Street, Boston. This stove is a new and improved one, and is of sufficient capacity to admit six large sized pie plates, or six large loaves of bread, or even the largest pudding or bean pots in use, at the same time. In addition to the advantages it has over other cook stoves, for boiling, baking, washing, frying, heating iron, &c., it is acknowledged by all who have used it, to have the

Best Arrangement for Broiling and Roasting. That has ever been in use; the steam from cooking being carried off directly, and do more kinds of cooking with less fuel than can possibly be done in any other manner.

This stove certainly has many advantages that no other stove ever yet had. The ovens are about the only ones in use, which will bake well with hard coal, as most of the stoves used are so constructed that the ovens will not bake even with a coal fire. There is another great advantage in the construction of this stove, in first applying the heat to the bottom of the oven, which causes the bread to rise, and at the same time, thoroughly cooks the bottom, whereas, in stoves which first carry the fire to the top of the oven before it reaches the bottom, the bread will crust on the top before it is sufficiently done through, which prevents the loaf from rising, and causes it to be heavy—the top being crusted hard, and at the bottom not sufficiently baked.

All those in want of a FIRST RATE COOKING STOVE, are particularly invited to call and examine this stove before purchasing elsewhere, and time and money will surely be saved, as they will decide soon to purchase; the price will be found to be very reasonable. There are a number of sizes, suitable for the smallest family up to those for a public house. They are not at all complicated in their construction, but easily regulated.

For sale also, the Congress air-tight, P. P. Stewart's do, Wagner's do, and the rotary do, Windsor Union, the press, Maine Farmer, Hathaway, Hot-air, Boston (two ovens) parlor cook, Franklin stoves, &c., comprising all of the New and Improved Patterns. Also a splendid assortment of parlor and kitchen stoves (and also a stove box and cylinder stoves of various sizes and patterns, fire frames, window glass, nails, and a full supply of Hardware and Cutlery. '36-Tin and sheet iron work done to order. LEWIS F. MEAD & CO. 45

KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 1st Monday of December, A. D. 1846.

BEFORE ME, J. C. SNELL, Executor of the last will and testament of BENJ. E. PRASCOFF, late of Winthrop, in said county, deceased, having presented his account of the administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance: ORDERED, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said county, on the 1st Monday of Dec. instant, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. W. EMMONS, Judge.

A true copy. Attest: F. DAVIS, Register. 50

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of ASHLEY B. FETTER, late of Winthrop, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all creditors to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to HANNAH PETTINGILL.

Winthrop, Nov. 2, 1846. 50

KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 1st Monday of Dec., A. D. 1846.

HIRSH SAWTLE, Administrator of the estate of BENJ. SAWTLE, late of Waterville, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance: ORDERED, That the said adm'r give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the 1st Monday of Dec. inst., at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. W. EMMONS, Judge.

A true copy. Attest: F. DAVIS, Register. 50

KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the 1st Monday of December, A. D. 1846.

BEFORE ME, BENJAMIN, Guardian of MARY ASH, a minor, and ABEL WING, tutors and heirs of ISAAC D. WING, late of Winthrop, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of guardianship of said wards for allowance: ORDERED, That the said guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the 1st Monday of Jan. next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. W. EMMONS, Judge.

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THE
NEWS BOY'S
ALMANAC
1847.

Months	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wed.	Thurs.	Friday	Satur.
Jan.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
Feb.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
Mar.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
Apr.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
May	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
June	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					

THE PROSPECTS.
To all the friends of useful
Who like to see their country flourish,
And love to add white'er imparts
To all the friends of useful
The Publisher, with great deference,
Proposes every week to furnish
Whisper paper, whose appearance
Will be a sign that all is flourish.
Large in its size, with newest type,
Bright from the Foundry of Currier,
Full of true Printers' workmanship,
New and old and Times' notices
Of Agriculture—blessed art,
Which feeds our hungry mortal bodies,
And fills with gratitude the heart
Of all who love the sacred goddess.
Terms—one dollar seventy-five.
If in advance the sum be paid;
But, that the printer, too, may thrive,
Two dollars will be required.
If you have not a copy, you
Hav'll do, Robert—hold on a bit. Just shift
The great brag point—put a little exhilaration
In your talk, and turn strong and robustious, as
Who but you.

Well, never mind, Robert, we'll set about it—make a little fun, you know, once in a while. We are all very grave in a Printing Office.

His pockets bursting with the fee,
His heart brimful of boyish glee,
And blessing every one.

THE
NEWS BOY'S
ALMANAC,
1847.

Month	Sunday	Monday	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Friday	Saturday
July	4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31						
Aug.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31						
Sept.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30						
Oct.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31						
Nov.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30						
Dec.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31						

Write, write, write,
 Till the sun is hid in the West,
 And write, write, write,
 Till he comes again to the East.
 An Editor in his sanctum sat,
 And plied his pen and his ink,
 Till his eyes were red and his fire was dead,
 And his brain would hardly think.
 Write, write, write,
 From Sabbath to Sabbath again,
 And write, write, write,
 With weary hand and pen.
 An Editor's life is surely the worst,
 No time to rest or stop,
 With a brain that is aching and nearly burst
 And a devil a bawling for cop.

Well, never mind, Robert, we'll set about it—must have a little fun, you know, once in a while. We are always so very grave in a Printing Office.

And let him hie along,
His pockets bursting with the fee,
His heart brimful of boyish glee,
And blessing every one.

The doings in our Congress Halls—
 Their worthy deeds, their wicked brawls,
 We've faithfully detailed—
 And held the mirror up to view,
 By which all readers can well see
 Which party gained or failed.

True virtue we have ever held
 Our strongest hope, our country's shield,
 And vice we frown upon.
 The young we're anxious *eer* to lead
 In principles that they will need
 To practice when they're men.

And more, dear friends, we need not say,
 For sure we'll stand by you'll find,
 And let him his ale
 Pickets bursting with the fee,
 His heart brimful of boyish glee,
 And blessing every one.

Maine Farmer Office, Augusta, January 1, 1847.